WYATT EARP™

DODGE CITY

Chuck Dixon
Enrique Villagran

WYATT EARP™: DODGE CITY

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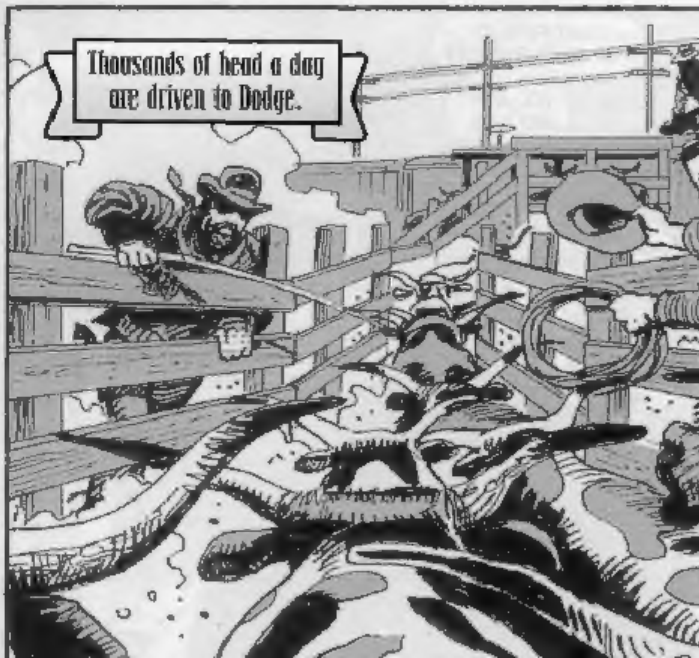
Dodge City, Kansas. 1877.

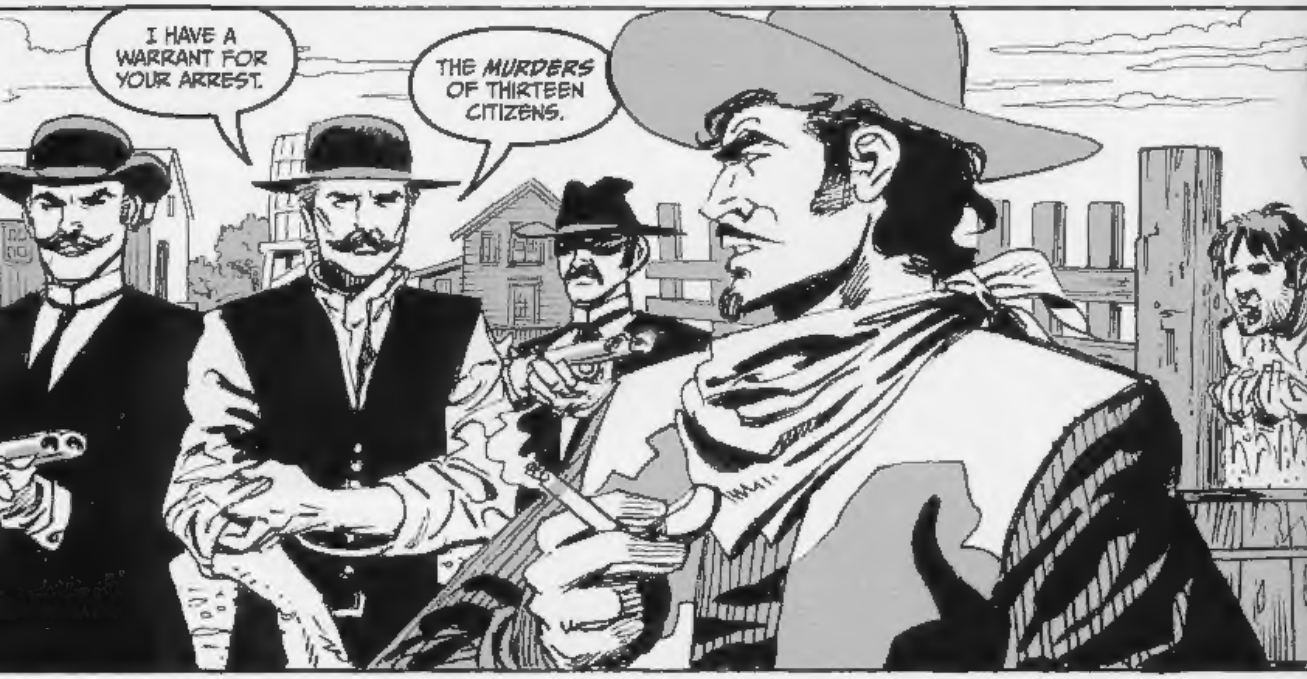
The Queen of the Cattle Towns.

The herds are driven here from all across the west. An empire that rises and falls with the price of beef.



And with them come the COWBOYS.

NICK HARDESTY!
HUH?


I HAVE A WARRANT FOR YOUR ARREST.
THE MURDERS OF THIRTEEN CITIZENS.

THAT FIRE AT THE CATTLEMAN'S?
YOU GOT NO CALL.
SUSPICION IS ENOUGH TO HOLD ME FOR NOW, TEXAS.

UHKNN!

THINK TWICE, BOYS.
THIS AIN'T OUR FIGHT.
YOU REMEMBER THAT.

GO ON, DROVER!
JERK IT!

NGGGGH!

THIS ABOUT YOUR LADY, MARSHAL?
NOTHIN' SADDER THAN A MAN SWEET ON A --

UGHHH!
--WHORE!

YOU GONNA WANT TO HEAD BACK TO KANSAS CITY, EARP!
UNNHH!

GUNNHH!

GIH--
GIH--

WHUHHH!

HUH!

YOU THROUGH, WYATT?
I'LL GET MY SATISFACTION AT THE GALLOWS.

YOU KNOW THE WAY, HARDESTY.

I GET MY GOODS BACK, RIGHT?
PRETTY CONFIDENT YOU'RE GONNA WALK OUTTA HERE, TEXAS.

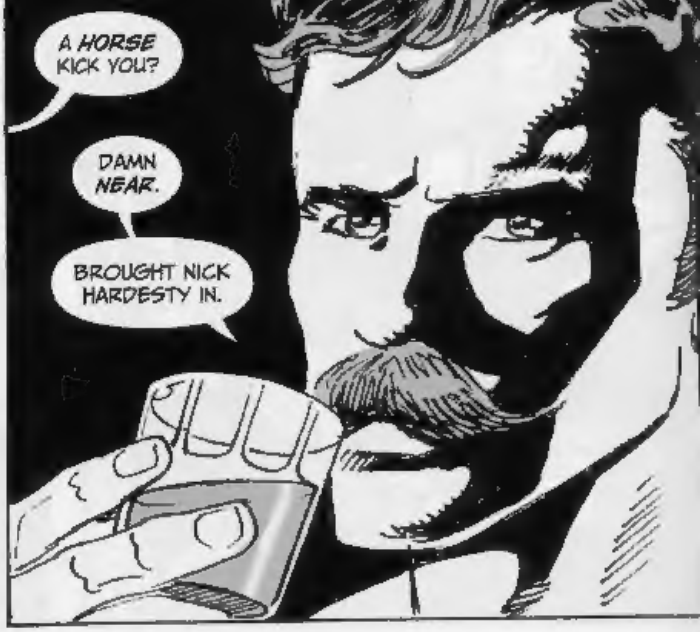
AND WHO'S GONNA HOLD ME?
A RUMMY WHO CAN'T HIT SHIT WITHOUT A SCATTERGUN?

SMACK!
UH!

ALWAYS MAKIN' MORE WORK FOR ME, LITTLE BROTHER.

BAD BRUISE, MARSHAL.
BUT YOUR RIBS AIN'T STOVED IN.

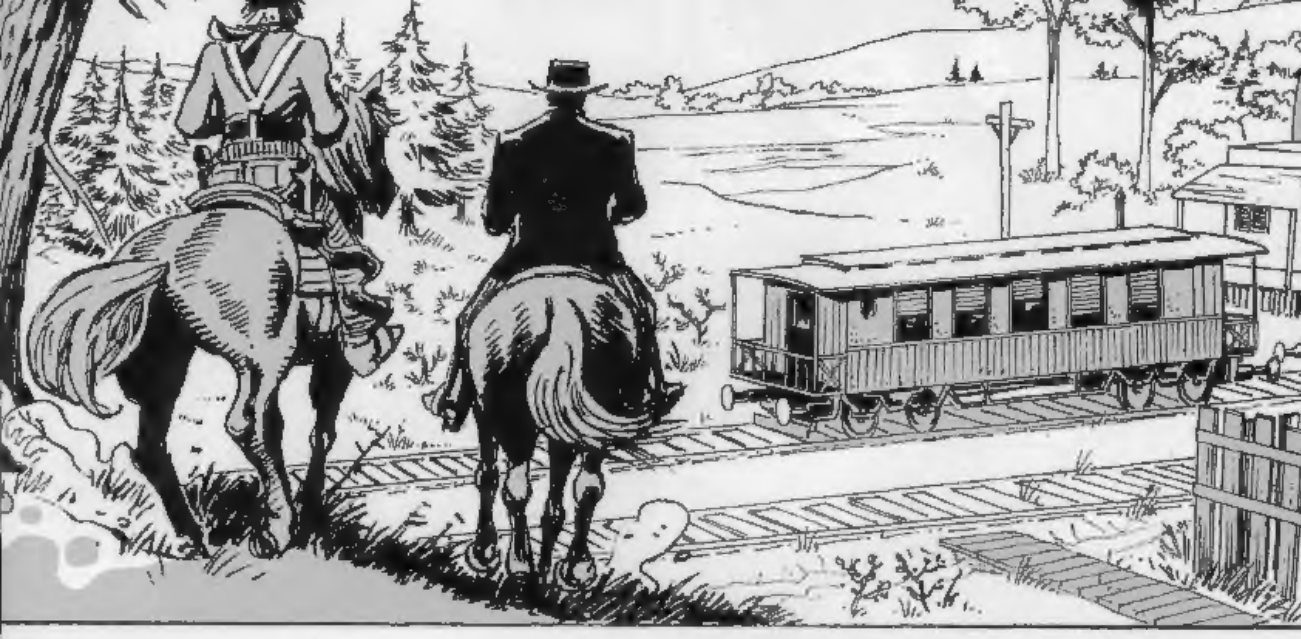
I COULD MAKE UP A POULTICE.
NOT *NECESSARY*, ALLIE.


A *HORSE* KICK YOU?
DAMN *NEAR*.
BROUGHT NICK HARDESTY IN.

IS IT *TRUE* HE SET THE FIRE AT THE CATTLEMAN'S?
KILLED BINNIE SUE AND THEM OTHERS?

HE'S THE *ONE*.
YOU WERE SWEET ON BINNIE.
SHE WAS A *HONEY*.
AM *I* A HONEY, WYATT?

YOU'RE A *LADY*, ALLIE.
I *KNOW* WHAT I AM.
NOT TO *ME*.



BUSINESS WITH MISTER CRILLING?
THE MARSHAL TOOK HARDESTY IN.
THOUGHT THE BOSS OUGHTA KNOW.

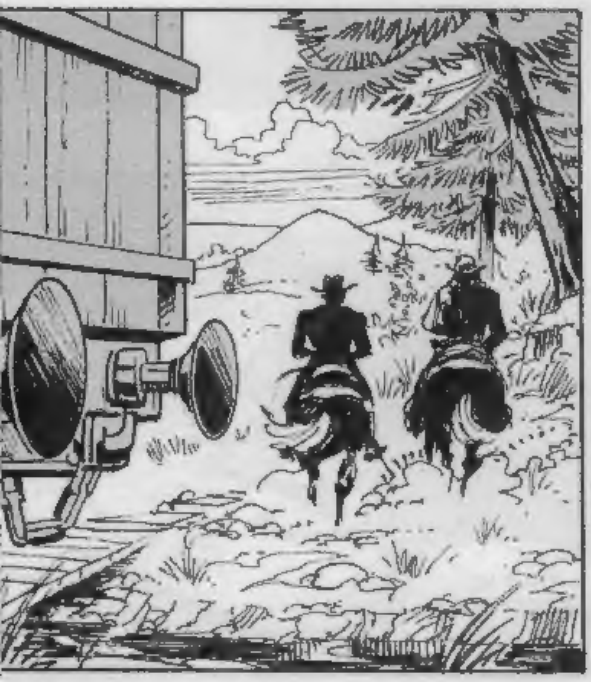
THAT HE SHOULD, LADS. THAT HE SHOULD.

HARDESTY IS BULLHEADED.
STILL HE'S MY FOREMAN.
THAT EARP'S HAD HIS SIGHTS ON HIM ALL ALONG, BOSS.

LAWMEN BRINGING THEIR IDEAS WEST.
NOTHING BUT CARPETBAGGING BASTARDS.

WHAT WERE YOU ABOUT TO DO?
UH... TAKE A SEAT?
NOT ON MY CHESTERFIELD, COWBOY.

GO BACK TO MY STOCK.
I'LL HANDLE THE MARSHAL.



I CAN BRING THAT KANSAS CITY PIMP DOWN FOR YOU.
NO BOTHER A'TALL...

EVERYONE KNOWS YOU'RE ON MY PAY, RAFFERTY,
CAN YOU WIRE FOR SOME OTHER SCOUNDREL?

I KNOW JUST THE LAD.

I LIKE DODGE CITY, MY FRIENDS!
MORE COWS THAN PEOPLE--
--AND THE COWS HAVE BETTER MANNERS

CERTAINLY, MY FRIENDS! I FIND DODGE TO BE CANTAKEROUS IN THE EXTREME!
FULL OF HOOLIGANS AND BLACKGUARDS AND ROUGHNECKS OF EVERY STRIPE!

BUT THERE'S A MAN IN DODGE WHO'S GOING TO CLEAN UP THIS RAGGEDY COTTON, I HEAR TELL--

--MARSHAL WYATT EARP!
YOU ARE NOT AMUSED BY EDDIE'S REMARKS?

AND TO HELP YOU CLEAN UP THESE STREETS--
--WELL, LESS MESSY THAN A SIX-GUN
HA! HA! HA! HA! HA! HA! HA! HA! HA! HA!

STORE

COME ON, MARSHALL!
CHOOSE YOUR WEAPON!
HA! HA! HA! HA! HA!

WYATT EARP!

DAMNATION!
BLAM!
BLAM!

THANKS DOC

I DID NOT SHOOT HIM FOR *YOU*, WYATT

A BOTTLE OF PERFECTLY GOOD *BOURBON* DEMOLISHED

YOU *KNOW* HIM?

ONLY AS A *DESPOILER* OF AGED KENTUCKY LIQUOR

WYATT I *TOLD* YOU ME AND JIM SHOULD STICK CLOSE

I SEEN THAT BOY *AROUND*

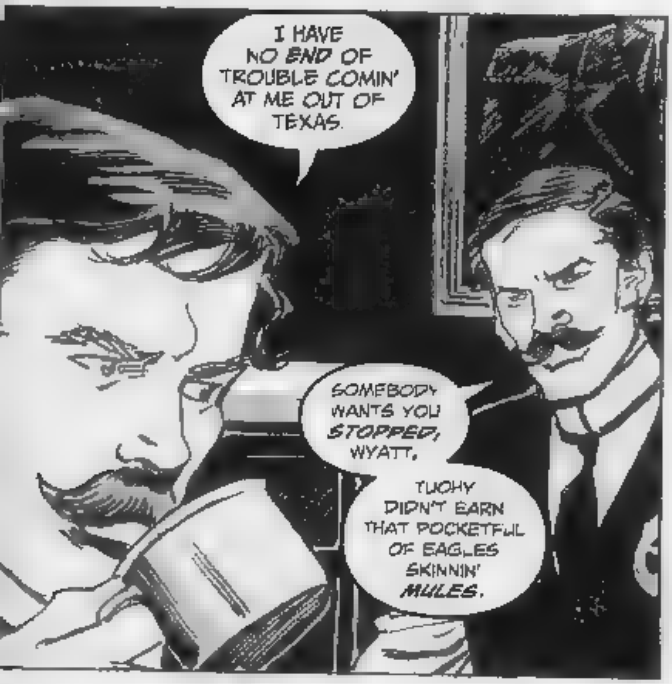
PERHAPS, I WAS MISTAKEN MARSHALL EARP--

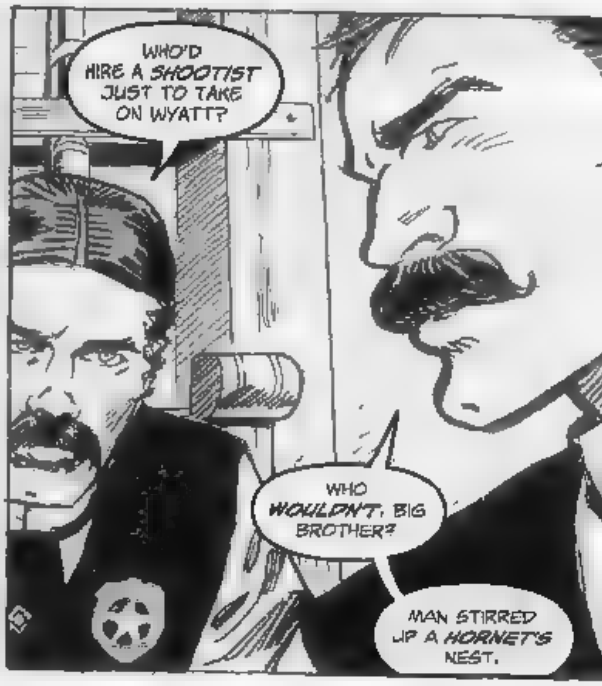
--IT APPEARS A *SHOVEL* WOULD BE MORE IN ORDER FOR THE KIND OF CLEANING *YOU* PROPOSE

HA! HA! HA! HA! HA!

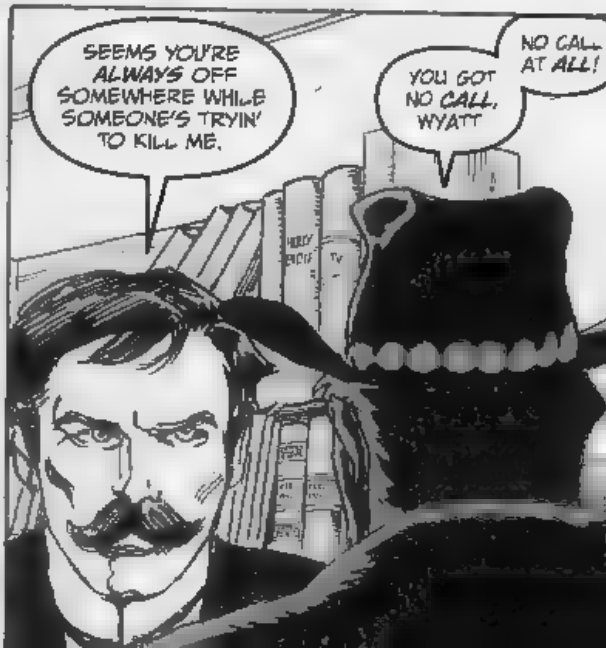
YOU SAY YOU KNOW THE BUSHWACKER, JIM?
MARSHALL OFFICE

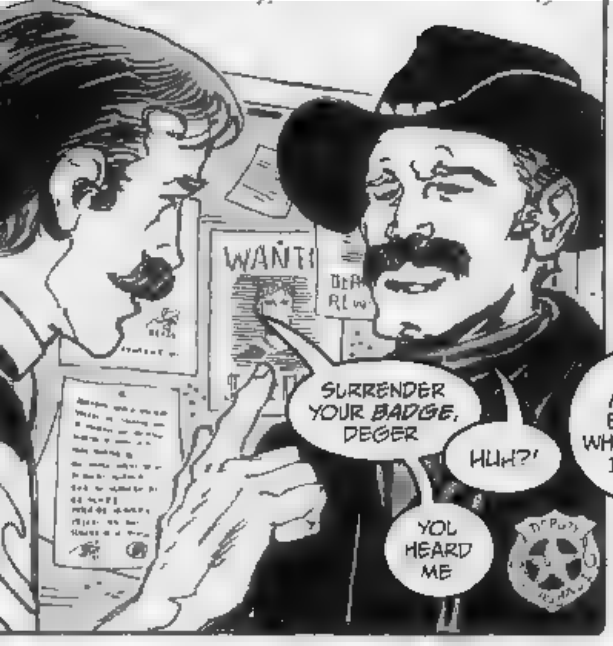
SEEN HIM A TIME OR TWO.
DAN TUOHY
DIRTY DAN. OUT OF SAN ANTONIO.
A TEXAS BOY, THEN.

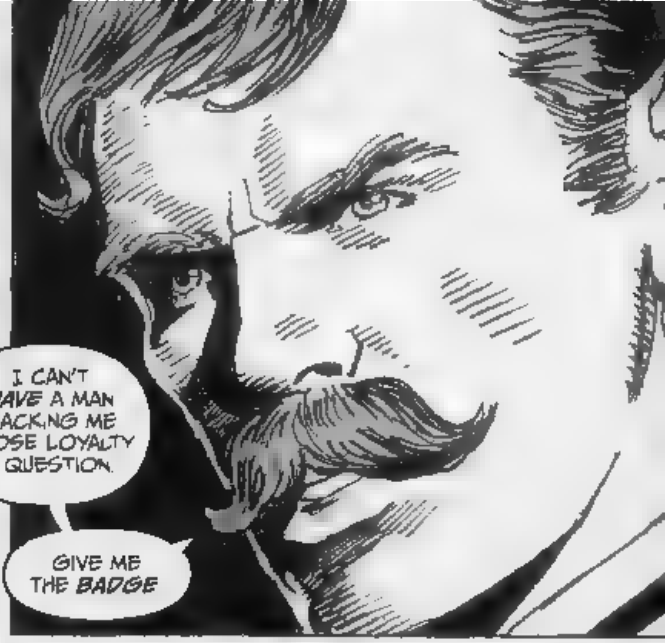

I HAVE NO END OF TROUBLE COMIN' AT ME OUT OF TEXAS.
SOMEBODY WANTS YOU STOPPED, WYATT.
TUOHY DIDN'T EARN THAT POCKETFUL OF EAGLES SKINNIN' MULES.


WHO'D HIRE A SHOOTIST JUST TO TAKE ON WYATT?
WHO WOULDN'T, BIG BROTHER?
MAN STIRRED UP A HORNET'S NEST.

EVENIN' FELLAS.
AND WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN, DEGER?
I WAS WHORIN' OVER AT THE CHINESE CAMP


SEEMS YOU'RE ALWAYS OFF SOMEWHERE WHILE SOMEONE'S TRYIN' TO KILL ME.
YOU GOT NO CALL, WYATT
NO CALL AT ALL!


WANTED
SURRENDER YOUR BADGE, DEGER
HUH?!
YOU HEARD ME

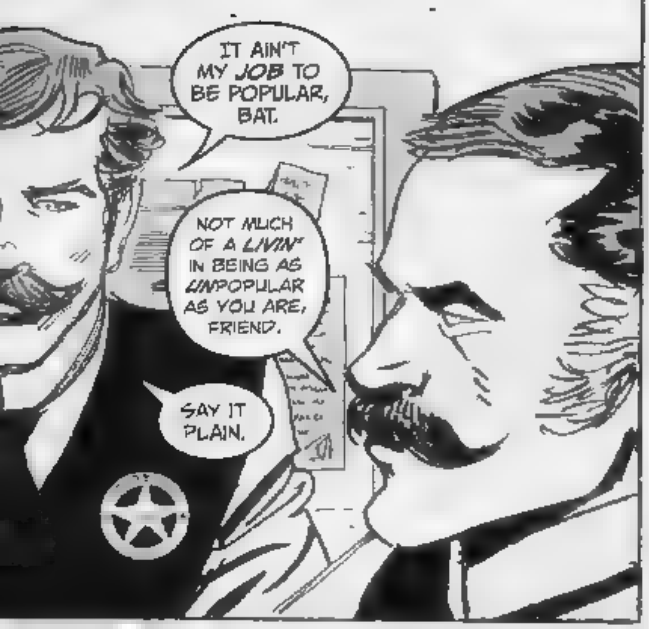

I CAN'T HAVE A MAN BACKING ME WHOSE LOYALTY I QUESTION.
GIVE ME THE BADGE

MAYOR HOOVER APPOINTED ME SHERIFF.
Y-Y-- YOU DON'T HAVE THE AUTHORITY.

I HAVE THE SAND DEGER.
I--I--
DO YOU HAVE THE SAND?

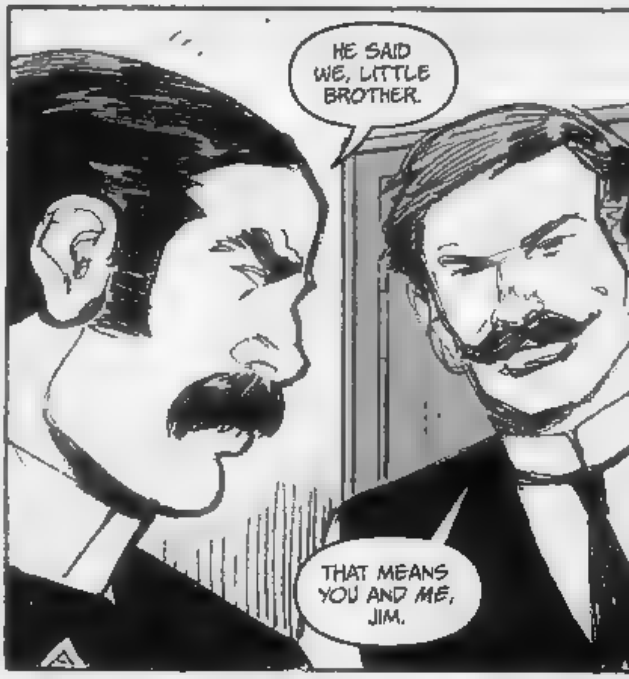
YOU CAN KEEP YOUR PISTOL, DEGER.
NO CALL, WYATT.
NO CALL.

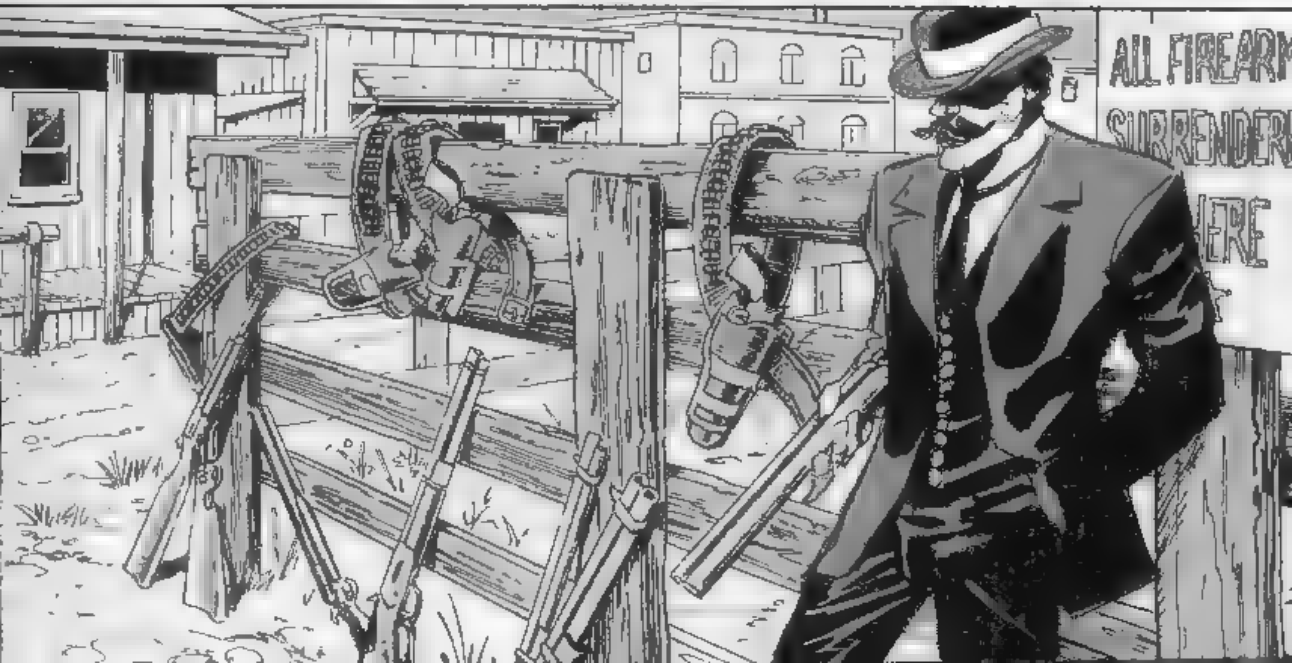
YOU GOT A REAL CHARM WITH FOLKS, WYATT.
SHOULD RUN FOR OFFICE.


IT AIN'T MY JOB TO BE POPULAR, BAT.
NOT MUCH OF A LIVIN' IN BEING AS UNPOPULAR AS YOU ARE, FRIEND.
SAY IT PLAIN.

WITH SO MANY GUNS IN DODGE AND YOU LOOKIN' UP SO MANY DROVERS--
--ONLY A MATTER OF TIME AFORE ONE OF THESE SHOOTISTS GET LUCKY.

TOO MANY GUNS FOR DAMN SURE.
I THINK WE CAN REMEDY THAT.


HE SAID WE, LITTLE BROTHER.
THAT MEANS YOU AND ME, JIM.


ALL FIREARM
SURRENDER
ERE

DRUGSTORE
WHAT THE HELL'S THIS?!!
NO GUNS IN DODGE.
LEAVE YOUR GUNS HERE, BOYS. PICK 'EM UP ON YOUR WAY HOME.

AND WHAT IF WE CHOOSE NOT TO?
HEH.

THEN YOU GET TO FIND OUT WHY WE CALL THIS A DEADLINE.

ENJOY YOUR VISIT BOYS.

WHAT THE DEVIL ARE YOU ABOUT WYATT?
ARE YOU TRYING TO RUIN ME?

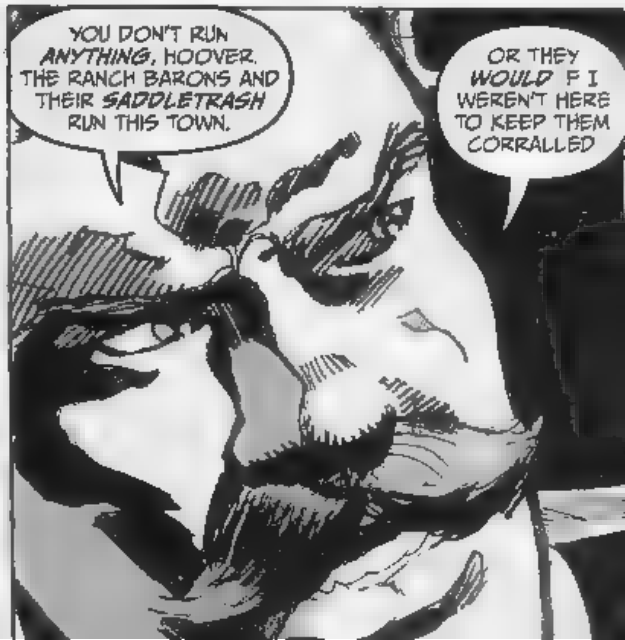
I DID NOT AUTHORIZE THE FIRING OF SHERIFF DEGER.
YOU'RE DISTURBING MY PLAY, MAYOR.
YOUR HONOR, CAN YOU ESPY ANY KINGS IN WYATT'S HAND?

DEGER DIDN'T HAVE THE STOMACH FOR THIS.
TWO CARDS, DOC.
AND THIS BAN ON FIREARMS! IT'S DRACONIAN!

I DEMAND AN ANSWER!
AND I DEMAND A RAISE,
RAISE AND CALL YOU, DOC.

I EMPLOY YOU, MARSHAL.
AND HE'LL NEED THE EMPLOYMENT.
ACES OVER KNAVES.

DAMN
YOU WILL DO AS I SAY EARP!
I RUN THIS TOWN!

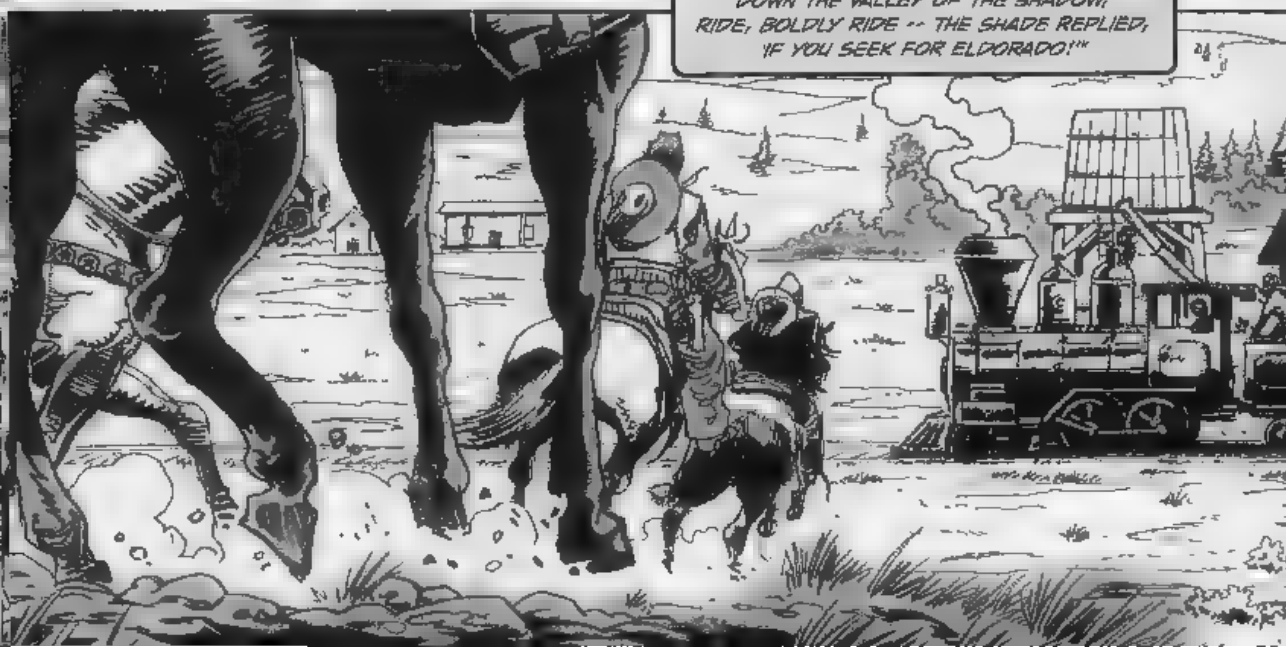

YOU DON'T RUN ANYTHING, HOOVER. THE RANCH BARONS AND THEIR SADDLETRASH RUN THIS TOWN.
OR THEY WOULD IF I WEREN'T HERE TO KEEP THEM CORRALLED

NOW, WE HAVE THE CIRCUIT JUDGE DUE IN THIS WEEK TO HANG SOME OF THE DROVERS I'M HOLDING.

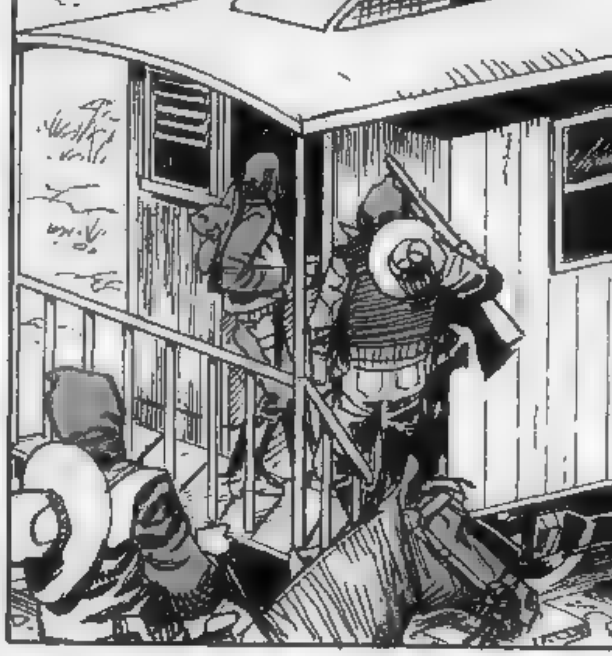
IT'S GOING TO GET ROUGHER AND I NEED YOU TO BACK ME UP, GEORGE.
BUT WITH OR WITHOUT YOU-- THE LAW IS KING IN DODGE.
GOOD DAY, GENTLEMEN

"THE LAW IS KING."--
IN A PIG'S ASS.
"GAILY BEDIGHT, A GALLANT KNIGHT, IN SUNSHINE AND IN SHADOW."

"HAD JOURNEYED LONG, SINGING A SONG, IN SEARCH OF ELDORADO."


"OVER THE MOUNTAINS OF THE MOON, DOWN THE VALLEY OF THE SHADOW, RIDE, BOLDLY RIDE -- THE SHADE REPLIED, IF YOU SEEK FOR ELDORADO!"

STAND EASY, BOYS!
YOU CAN GET UP STEAM ONCE WE'RE GONE

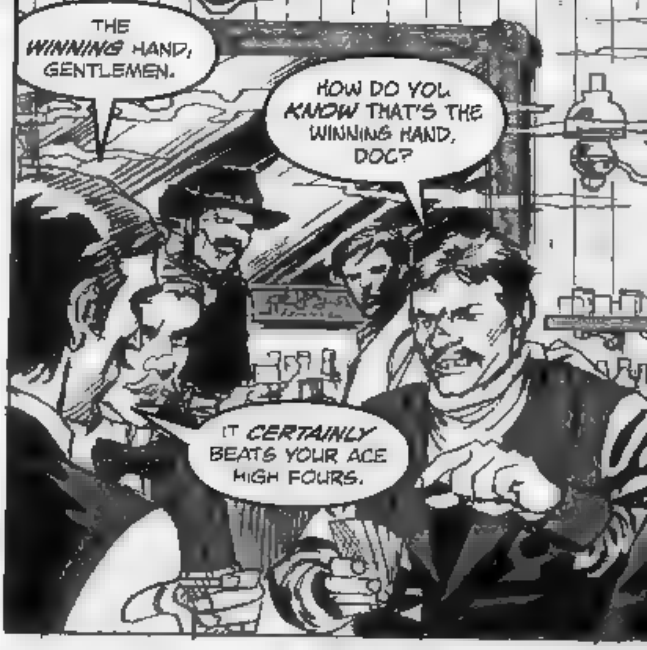


EVER'BODY STILL!
HANDS WHERE I CAN SEE 'EM!
UNNH!

YOU LOOK LIKE A JUDGE!
J-J-JUDGE WILKINS P-PARMENTIER.
YOU STOP SHORT OF DODGE, HEAR?
YOU GET OFF THIS TRAIN AT MEDICINE LODGE.

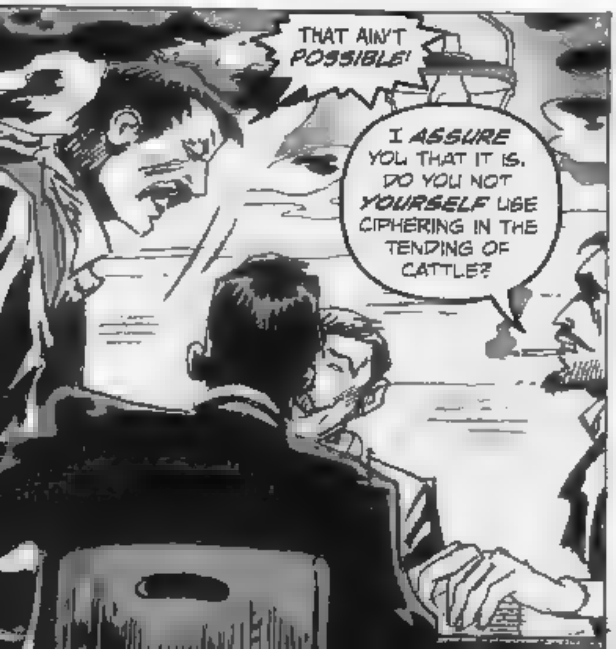
THEN YOU HEAD ON BACK TO WICHITA HEAR?
Y-Y-YES!

MY SINCEREST APOLOGIES IN ADVANCE -


THE WINNING HAND, GENTLEMEN.
HOW DO YOU KNOW THAT'S THE WINNING HAND, DOC?
IT CERTAINLY BEATS YOUR ACE HIGH FOURS.

SUM'BITCH KNEW MY HAND!
HOW'D HE KNOW MY HAND?!

SIMPLE MATHEMATICS, FRIEND. I SURMISED FROM THE PREVIOUS PLAY AND THE DISCARDS--
--WHAT CARDS YOU WERE FAVORING

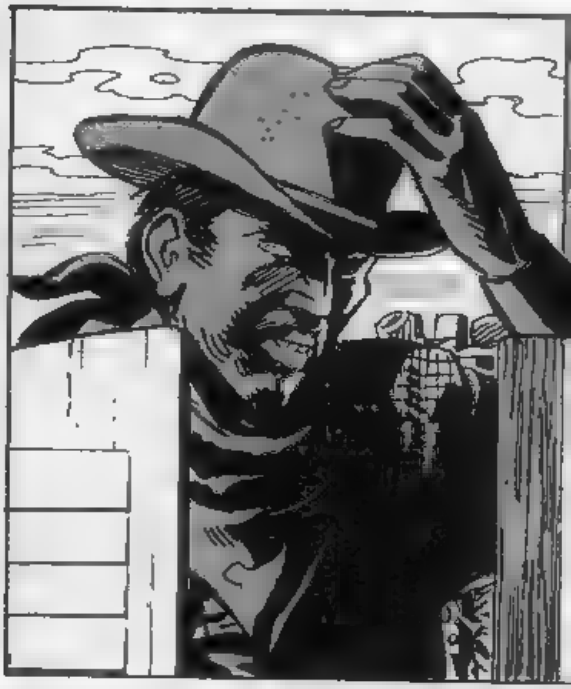

THAT AIN'T POSSIBLE!
I ASSURE YOU THAT IT IS. DO YOU NOT YOURSELF USE CIPHERING IN THE TENDING OF CATTLE?

YOU COUNT THE CATTLE, DO YOU NOT? YOU ARE ROUGHLY AWARE WHEN ONE IS ASTRAY.
OR DO YOU ACCUSE ME OF CHICANERY?

JUST DAMNED QUEER, IS ALL I SAY
DEAL ME OUT!
AS YOU WISH.

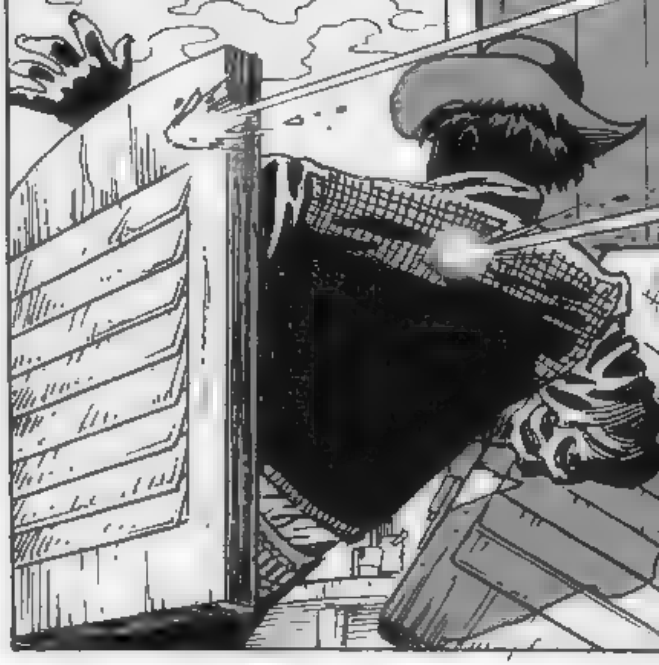
FAREWELL AND ADIEU, MY BUCOLIC FRIEND
AND COUNT YOUR BOVINES WITH CARE.

FOR COUNTING LIVESTOCK IS THE LIMIT OF YOUR NTELLECTUAL CAPACITY.
NOT SURPRISING IN AS IGNORANT A SHITKICKER AS YOURSELF



YOU DANDIFIED SON OF A--

BLAM
BLAM



NOW-- WHERE DID WE LEAVE OFF IN THE WAGERING?

I BELIEVE *KOFF* -- THAT IT WAS YOUR OPTION -- *KAFF* *KAFF*

KAFF *KOFF* *K-KAFF*

HRUGGGHHH!
DOC?

MARSHAL?
I'M GONNA HAVE TO ASK YO TO COME WITH ME, DOC.

ANY NUMBER OF CITIZENS WILL ATTEST THAT I WAS DEFENDING MY PERSON.
AND YOU INTEND TO INCARCERATE ME?

I'M ASKING YOU AS A FRIEND.
CAN I MAKE THAT ASSUMPTION?

THAT YOU MAY, WYATT.
--THAT YOU MAY.

THIS IS FOR YOUR OWN PROTECTION, DOC--
I UNDERSTAND.
--JUST UNTIL THINGS SIMMER DOWN.

HE GETS A CELL ALL TO HIS LONESOME WHILE WE'RE PACKED IN HERE LIKE LIVESTOCK.

YOU'RE A PRISONER, TEXAS.
DOC IS A GUEST

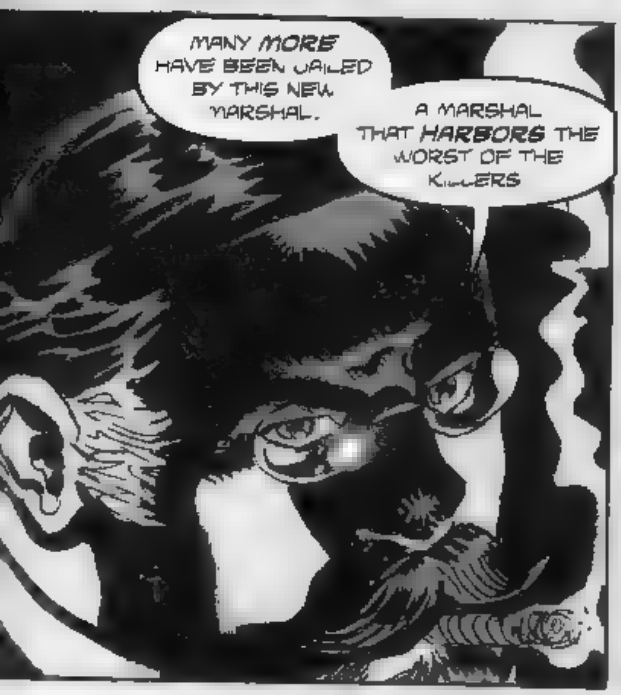
HOLIDAY AIN'T BUNKIN' WITH US--
'CAUSE THE MARSHAL' AFRAID OF WHAT MIGHT HAPPEN TO HIM.

INDEED.
I MIGHT STAIN MY FINE CLOTHING WITH THE BLOOD OF A TEXAS STEER.

GOOD EVENING, DOC.
ANGELS SING THEE TO THY REST, MARSHAL.

WE ARE AT AN IMPASSE.

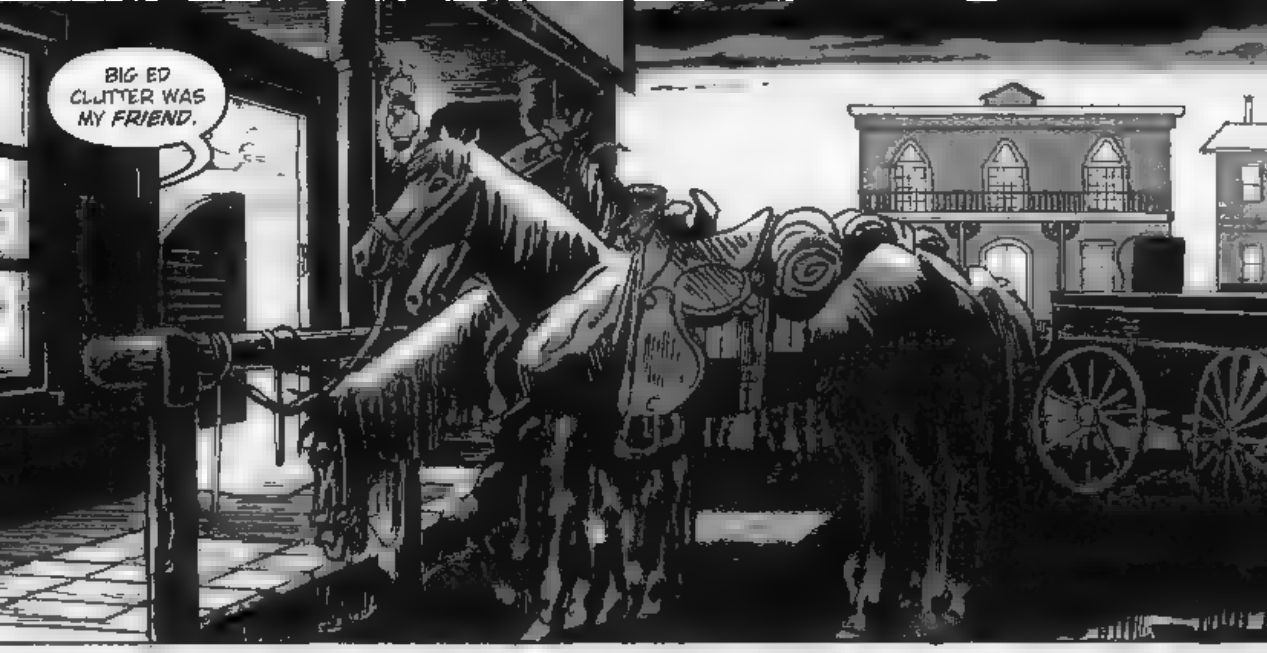
HANDS FROM MY OUTFIT AND SEVERAL OTHERS HAVE BEEN MURDERED IN THE STREETS OF DODGE.
MURDER. THERE'S NO OTHER WORD FOR IT.


MANY MORE HAVE BEEN JAILED BY THIS NEW MARSHAL.
A MARSHAL THAT HARBORS THE WORST OF THE KILLERS

I CANNOT LONG RESTRAIN MY BOYS FROM SETTING THINGS RIGHT.
I NEED TO KNOW THAT I HAVE FRIENDS IN DODGE.

FRIENDS WHO SHARE MY INTEREST IN SEEING THE TOWN AS AN OPEN TOWN--
--OBLIGING TO THOSE WHO FAVOR IT WITH TRADE.

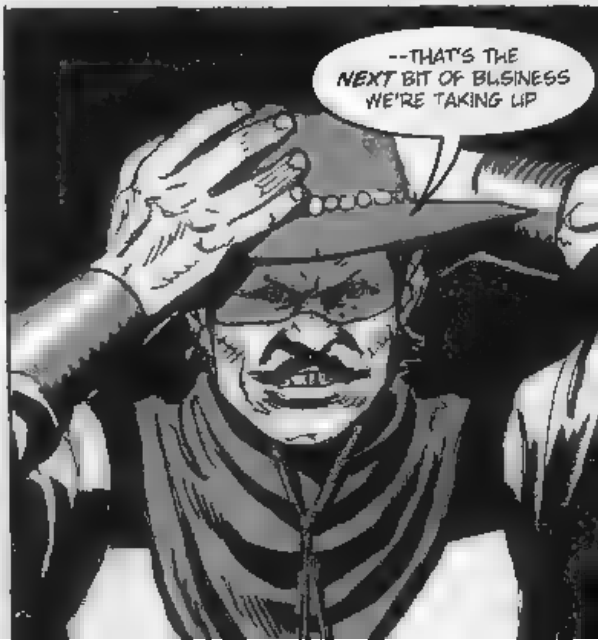
I TRUST WE SHARE THIS SENTIMENT--
--MAYOR HOOVER.
WE DO, MR. CRILLING. WE DO.


BIG ED CLUTTER WAS MY FRIEND.

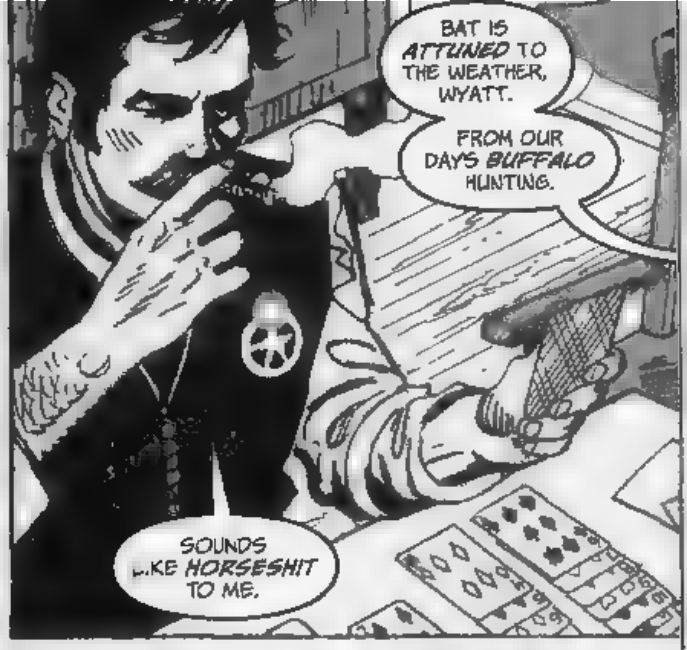
HE WAS A FRIEND TO A LOT OF US AT THE CIRCLE 'B'
ALLUS READY T'LEND A HAND OR A SMOKE

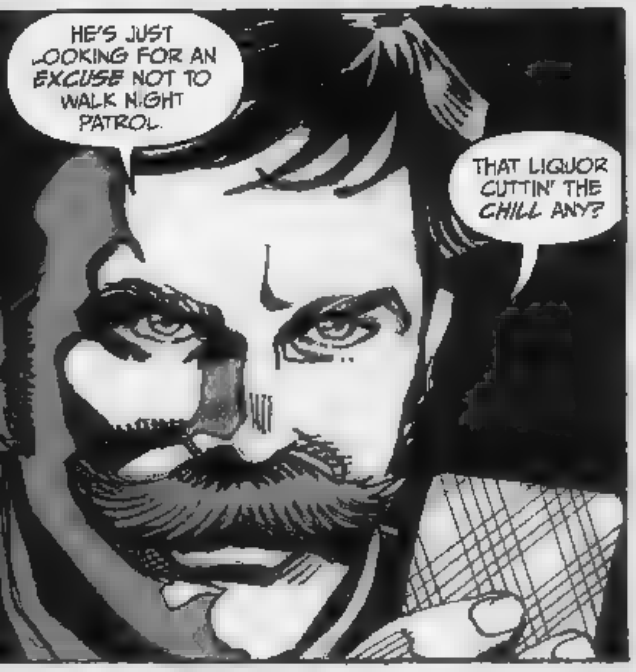
ED WOULD HAVE LIKED THIS SEND-OFF
HIS AMIGOS HIS FAVORITE WHORES
HE DESERVES A FUNERAL AS FINE AS THIS.

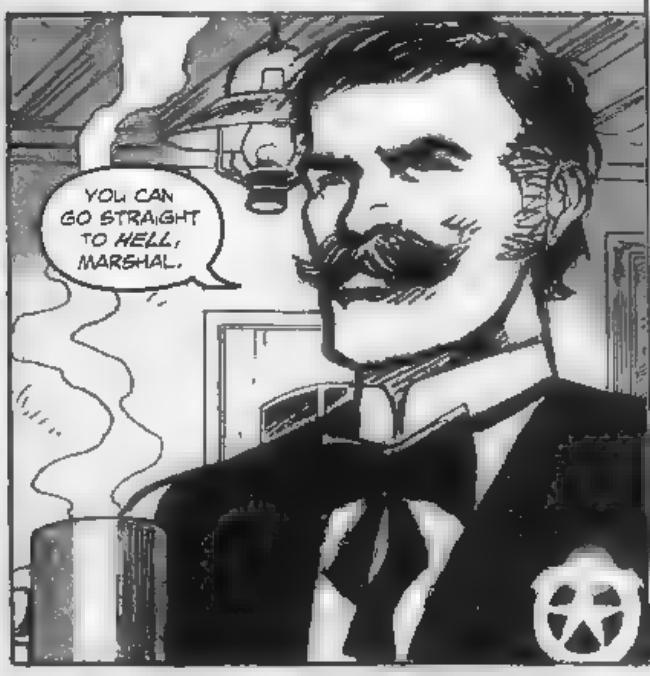
I'LL TELL YUH WHAT HE DIDN'T DESERVE--
--T'BE SKUNKSHOT BY SOME LOWDOWN, BOTTOM DEALIN' BASTARD!
WELL, CLETE--


--THAT'S THE NEXT BIT OF BUSINESS WE'RE TAKING UP

BIT OF A *NIP* IN THE AIR, BOYS.
I CAN FEEL *WINTER* COMIN'.


BAT IS *ATTUNED* TO THE WEATHER, WYATT.
FROM OUR DAYS *BUFFALO* HUNTING.
SOUNDS LIKE *HORSESHIT* TO ME.


HE'S JUST LOOKING FOR AN *EXCUSE* NOT TO WALK NIGHT PATROL.
THAT LIQUOR CUTTIN' THE *CHILL* ANY?


YOU CAN GO STRAIGHT TO *HELL*, MARSHAL.

HALLO THE JAIL!

WE WANT A PARLAY, MARSHAL!
DAMNATION.

YOU CAN'T HOLD ALL THEM BOYS NO LONGER!
RELEASE NICK HARDESTY AND THEM OTHERS OR WE BURN YOU OUT TONIGHT!

AN' THAT LYIN' HOLIDAY!
THAT MURDERER NEEDS HANGIN'!

DO WHAT THEY'S SAYIN', EARP!
THEM BOYS MEANS YOU HARM!

UHH?
WHAP
JUST ONE OF THOSE DROVERS SETS FOOT IN HERE--

--AND I'LL SLIT YOUR THROAT FROM HERE TO SUNDAY.
to be Concluded in:
WYATT EARP- DODGE CITY #1

MOONSTONE™

Wild West Action!

Geronimo: the Last Apache Warrior

Eric Griffin & Chaz Truog

CISCO KID

Gunfire & Brimstone!

by Len Kody & Dennis Calero

Wyatt Earp

Between a rock & a nice place!

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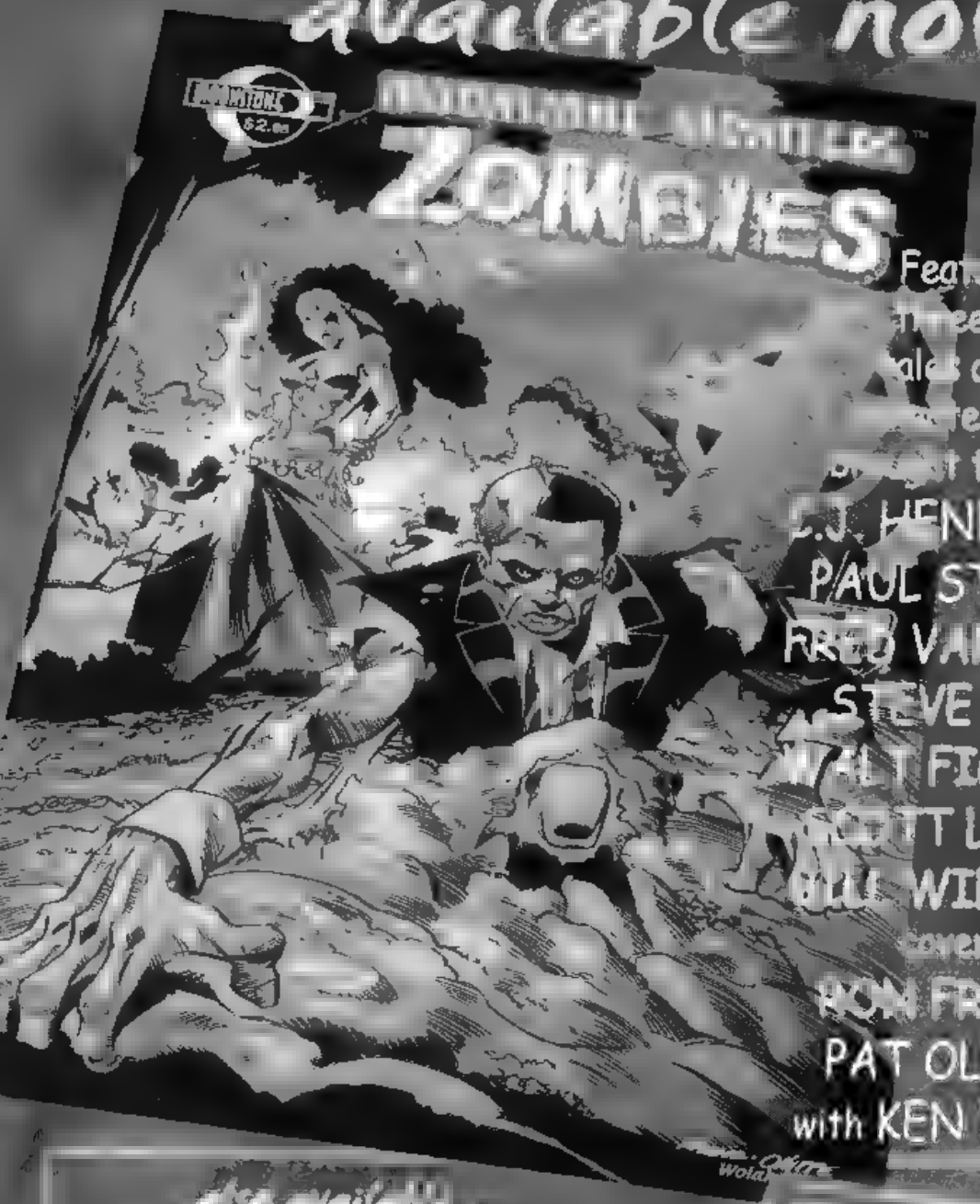

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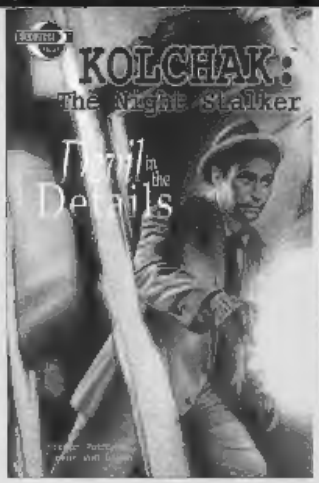

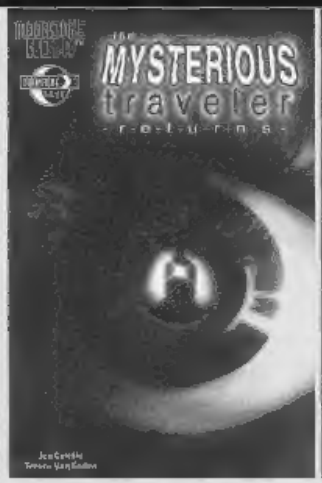

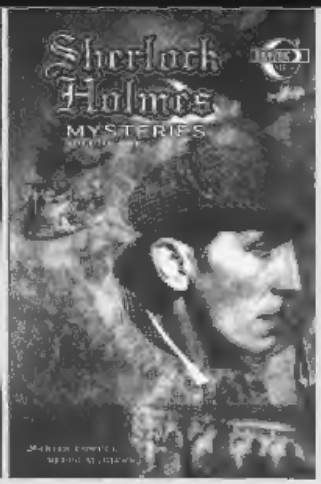

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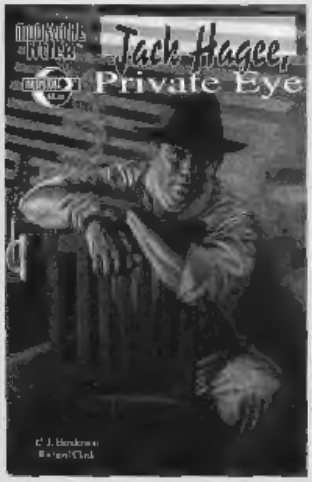

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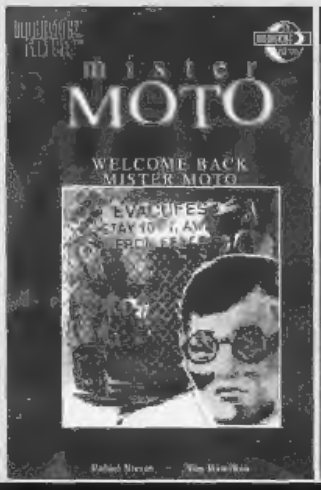

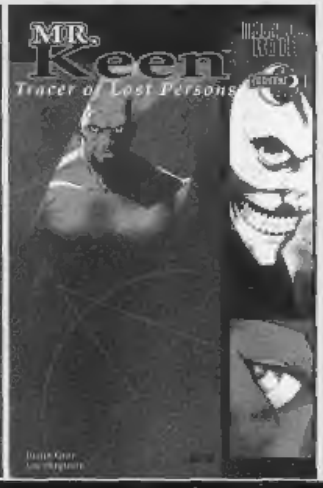

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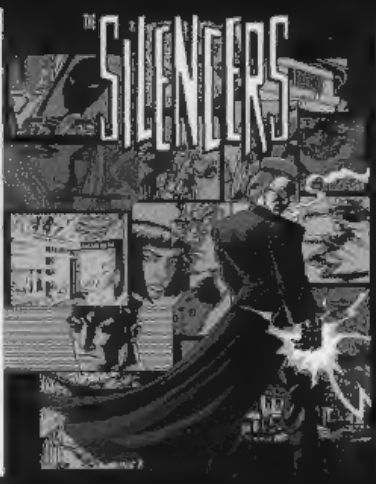

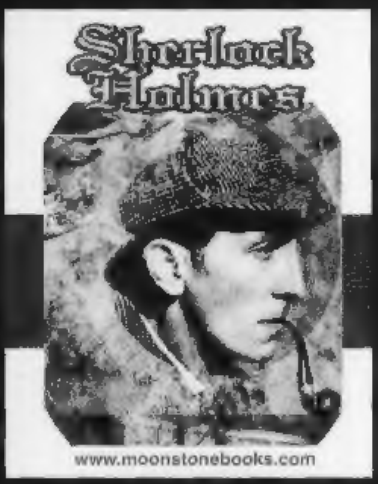

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